HISTORIC OLD TREE

Was Perch of Sharpshooters During Civil War.

Confederate Soldiers Under General Jubal Early Roosted in Its Branches While "Popping" Away at Men on Union Side.

Washington.—As you travel northward along Georgia avenue you may see on the left, within the grounds of the Walter Reed hospital, a dead giant of a tree. The great branches have been sawed off—amputated might be a better word, bearing in mind the place where the tree stands—so that only the trunk and the butts of the big limbs that formed the crown remain. The tree was long ago stripped of bark, and its wood is weathered to an ashen gray. It was a yellow poplar, but it's dead. It was killed by a lightning stroke.

The tree grows in land that is lower than the land to the south, but from its top or among its branches men could look above a spur or nose of land on the south and thence out over the flat or gently rolling fields that stretched away to the ditches and the parapets of Fort Massachusetts, later called and better known to fame as Fort Stevens.

When Jubal Early's skirmishers and the skirmish line thrown out from Fort Stevens were popping at each other a number of Confederates climbed into this tree and continued firing at the Union skirmishers. It is usual to say that Confederate sharpshooters were perched in the boughs of this old tree. It seems to strike the civilian fancy in a livelier way and to more appeal to his imagination to say that "sharpshooters" were in the tree. "Sharpshooter" is such an elastic and evasive term! It suggests something akin to "deadshot." The men who took up positions in that tree may have been sharpshooters or

Sharpshooters' Tree.

they may have been just the ordinary run of soldier shots. But there is a tablet on the tree trunk, and the inscription on the tablet is:

"Used as a signal station by Confederate soldiers under General Early during the attack on Washington, July 11 and 12, 1864. Also occupied by sharpshooters."

The tree stands by the side of one of the well kept drives of the hospital grounds and in front of a big brick building of the familiar army post style of architecture. Over the entrance to this building is the sign, "Army Nurse Corps."

SEEK FORTUNE OF ARCHDUKE

That of "John Orth" Said to Amount to $30,000,000 at Present Time.

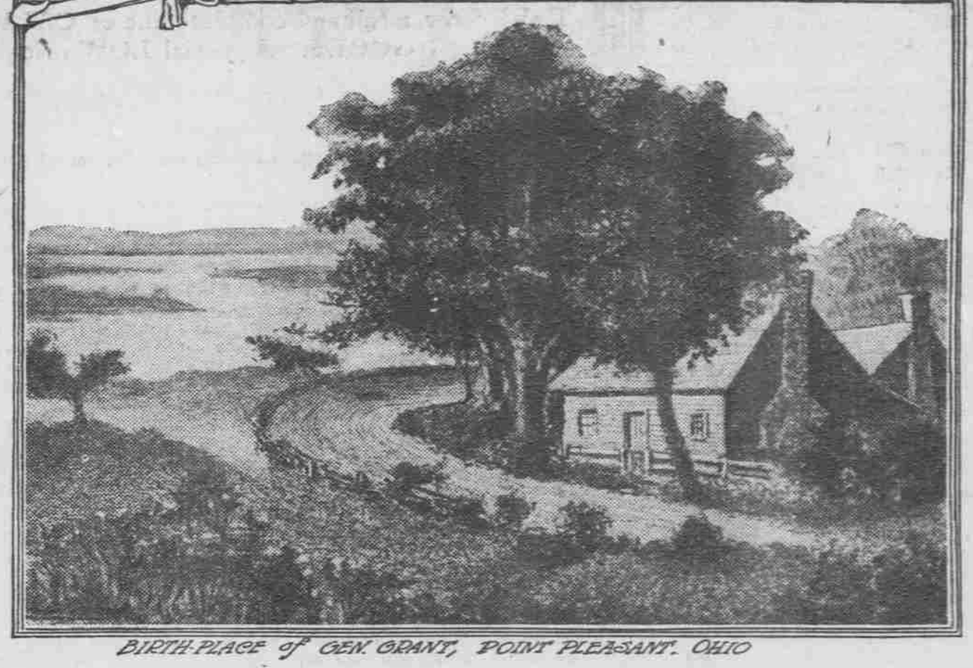
Geneva.—Division of the fortune of "John Orth," the long missing Archduke John Salvator of Austria, is again being sought by members of the House of Hapsburg. Leopold Woelfling, himself a former archduke of Austria, is leader of the present agitation for settlement of the estate. Woelfling, who has been a Swiss citizen since he renounced his title and married Maria Ritter, the daughter of a German horseman, has taken up the question of the fortune with Emperor Francis Joseph, but it is doubtful that he will meet with any success. The emperor, many years ago, selected the year 1917 as the one in which the affairs of the vanished archduke should be settled.

It has been estimated that the fortune which the Archduke John Salvator left when he fled from Austria 24 years ago with the actress, Ludmila Strubel, in the ship St. Margaret—neither the ship nor its passengers ever to be heard of again—amounted to nearly $10,000,000. The great accumulations in interest may make it three times as large today.

FAILURE *in* BUSINESS GENIUS *in* WAR

GENERAL ULYSSES S. GRANT

BABE PHOTOGRAPH MADE WHILE GRANT WAS PRESIDENT SO THAT A MEDAL MIGHT BE DESIGNED FROM IT



BIRTHPLACE OF GEN. GRANT, POINT PLEASANT, OHIO

WHEREVER a group of grizzled Union veterans are gathered on Memorial day to crown with flags and flowers the graves of their comrades gone before, the figures of the two great Americans inevitably present themselves in imagination. One is Lincoln, the other is Grant. With the exception of Napoleon and Shakespeare, few characters in history have been so exhaustively written about as the great emancipator, but in the American Walhalla a niche near to his proclaims the fame of the warrior to whom Lee surrendered.

Rarely does it happen that a man who earns recognition as a total failure in life afterward achieves exalted success. This was exactly what happened, however, to Ulysses S. Grant, who not only struggled through many years of grinding and almost hopeless poverty, but actually fell into such disesteem on account of his inability to "make good" at anything, that people generally were disposed to look upon him as an undesirable person to employ.

There are people still living in St. Louis who remember Grant as a shabby little man who brought loads of cordwood into town and sold it from door to door. He had been a captain in the army, but had resigned, and at the period in question he lived on a farm some distance out of St. Louis, on the Gravois road.

But, in order to make it clear how this state of affairs came about, one must go back a few steps—in fact, to the boyhood of Grant, who was born at Point Pleasant, Ohio, April 27, 1822. His name was Ulysses Hiram. His mother used jokingly to say to him: "Be sure you don't become useless!" Not much is known about his early youth, except that at eight years of age he could ride horseback standing on one foot. He had remarkable skill with horses, and a story is told of his volunteering to bestraddle, at a circus, an unmanageable pony which nobody else dared tackle. At the bidding of the ringmaster a large monkey jumped up behind him on the horse, and thence upon his shoulders, holding on to his hair, but he hung on like grim death, unperturbed.

Another anecdote has to do with a horse which his father sent him to buy. "How much did your father tell you to pay for it?" asked the owner of the animal. "He told me," replied the boy, "to offer you $50, and if you would not take that to make it $55 or even $60, if necessary."

Naturally, the man said that the price of the horse was $60. Whereupon the lad added: "But I have made up my mind not to pay you more than $50, and you can take that or nothing."

He got the horse for $50.

It so happened that General Hamer, the member of congress from that district, was a friend of Grant's father, and he took the trouble to obtain for Ulysses an appointment at West Point. In sending in the requisite papers, he mixed up the name of Ulysses with that of his brother Simpson, so that young Grant found himself put down on the roster of cadets as U. S. Grant. This accident earned for him at the Point the nickname of "Uncle Sam"—afterward abbreviated to "Sam," by which title of intimacy he was known for many years after he left the military academy.

He is described at this period of his career as an undersized, awkward youth, much freckled, with high spirits, and very careless about his dress. Many of his fellow-cadets, who prided themselves upon birth and breeding, manifested an inclination to look down upon him, because he was only a tanner's son. While at the Point he distinguished himself chiefly by his horsemanship, and one leap that he made on horseback is said to remain to this day an unequaled record at the academy.

Scarce was young Grant graduated from West Point when he fell in love with a girl named Dent, the daughter of a man who owned considerable farming property on the Gravois road, not far from St. Louis. Her father did not approve of the match, but her mother favored it, and the upshot of it was that they became engaged. Then the Mexican war broke out, in which Grant fought with credit, and at the termination of the conflict he went back to St. Louis and married the young lady.

Six years later, in 1854, he resigned from the army, and with this separation from the military service began a long struggle against poverty. He was unable to hold on to any sort of employment, and finally, to help him out, his father-in-law offered to give him 40 acres of the Dent farm, on the condition that he would clear the timber off of it. This task he undertook, incidentally building a log house of four rooms, in which he lived with his wife and children.

It was at this time that he made a meager living by hauling wood to town and selling it on the streets. Usually he was dressed in a worn-out private soldier's uniform. But it is a matter of record that he never lost his cheerfulness, though everything he tried seemed foredoomed to failure. He was defeated in his candidacy for the place of surveyor of St. Louis county, and his later application for appointment as county engineer was turned down with the simple indorsement, "Rejected."

At length he decided to abandon his little farm, which he had called by the appropriate name of Hardscrabble, and moved with his family to St. Louis. There he tried the real estate business, but, as usual, failed at it. As commonly happens when a man is persistently unsuccessful, friends grew chilly. At this juncture, when things seemed about as hopeless as they could be, Grant's father offered him a job of clerk in his leather and saddlery store at Galena, the wages to be $50 a month. He was glad to accept it.

The year 1860 found Grant keeping the books in the saddlery store. Everybody looked upon him as a failure in life, and it is likely that he himself shared this opinion. But soon afterward, when the war broke out, he was led to hope that it might offer him some opportunity. His first effort in this direction was to urge a relative to furnish the small amount of money necessary for starting a business of selling bread to the military camp near St. Louis. Meeting with a refusal he went to Springfield, Ill., and asked Governor Yates to give him employment in some capacity, it mattered not what. The governor did not look upon his application with much favor, but finally directed that he be hired at $3 a day to do odd jobs at Camp Yates.

Little as he could have imagined it, however, a new day was about to dawn upon the fortunes of Captain Grant, as he was then called. There was in camp at Mattoon a very unruly regiment of volunteers, the Twenty-first Illinois infantry, which seemed likely to be disbanded because of its unwillingness to submit to discipline. Grant, after all, was a West Pointer, and any real knowledge of military matters was just then at a high premium. He was asked if he cared to undertake the job of commanding the regiment in question, and promptly accepted the offer, becoming its colonel.

It did not take him long to get the regiment into shape. Anybody who attempted to dispute his authority was soon sorry for it. In July he had orders to transfer his command to Alton. The regiment refused to ride on the freight cars provided for its transportation, and he made the men march all the way. He would not even allow them to get aboard a freight train when one came along.

Modesty was always a marked trait of this military commander. When, some time before the events just narrated, a friend urged him to apply for the colonelcy of a regiment, he said: "Few men are able to command 1,000 soldiers, and I am sure I am not one of those." And yet the day was to arrive before very long when he would command a million men. When asked, three years later, "What sort of a man is Grant?" Abraham Lincoln replied: "He is the quietest little fellow you ever saw. He makes the least fuss of any man you ever knew. I believe two or three times he has been in this room quite a while before I knew he was here. It's about so all around. The only evidence you have that he's in any place is that he makes things git! Wherever he is he makes things move."

In later years, particularly after he became president, Grant was careful about his attire, but during the Civil war he preserved that indifference to costume which had marked him while at West Point. In the Vicksburg campaign he wore, in place of the usual military hat and gold cord, an old battered "stovepipe," such as the average private soldier in his army would not have picked up in the street. In his mouth was always a black cigar, and he seemed to be perpetually smoking. A friend of his, in excuse, said: "Such a stovepipe as Grant's should be allowed to smoke."

J. R. Ringwalt, author of the "Anecdotes of General Grant," says that he was never wounded, though he constantly and even recklessly exposed himself. He was not merely brave, but insensible to danger. Of his war horse, Cincinnatus, he was devotedly fond. On one occasion, while riding through a piece of woods in Virginia during a brisk engagement, he and Colonel Dent were obliged to cross a brook at a place where the fire of the enemy was concentrated and murderous. A piece of telegraph wire had got twisted around the off hind foot of Cincinnatus, and Grant dismounted and untwisted it, examining the leg in a leisurely and deliberate manner, notwithstanding the protests of his companion. Then, having mounted again, he said: "Dent, when you have got a horse you think a good deal of, you should never take any chances with him. If that wire had been left there a little longer, the animal would have gone dead lame, and he might perhaps have been ruined for life."

To which Dent replied: "I am your brother-in-law, and want no favors on that account, but I shall insist upon looking after your personal safety, and if you are hurt I will try to do better by you than you did by me in Mexico."

This was an allusion to a happening during the Mexican war, when Dent, having been wounded, was picked up by Grant and laid for safety upon a flat-topped wall, the idea being that Grant should come back for him later. Unfortunately, Dent rolled off the wall and broke two or three ribs, being much worse hurt thereby than by the shot that had hit him.

During the siege of Richmond, it is related, Grant was making an inspection of the docks at City Point, and stopped to look at a couple of negroes who were trying to roll a barrel of bacon aboard a boat. They were unable to move it, and a young lieutenant, standing by, said:

"Push harder, you niggers, or go get another man to help you."

The commander-in-chief of the armies of the United States thereupon rolled up his sleeves and helped roll the barrel aboard the boat, wiped his hands on his handkerchief, and walked away. It was not until later that the lieutenant, to his great mortification, learned who the man was.

Abraham Lincoln once remarked: "Grant is the first general I've had. I'll tell you what I mean. You know how it's been with all the rest. As soon as I put a man in command of the army he'd come to me with the plan of a campaign, and about as much as say, 'I don't believe I can do it, but if you say so I'll try it on'—and so put the responsibility of failure or success upon me. They all wanted me to be the general. Now, it isn't so with Grant. He hasn't told me what his plans are. I don't know, and I don't want to know. I am glad to find a man who can go ahead without me."

A senator's son in one of the departments in Washington drank hard and was discharged. His friends gave him up as hopeless, and he came pretty near to the gutter. Then he reformed, and struggled hard for years to support his family. President Grant heard about the case, and sent for him. He said: "I want to help you. What can I do for you?"

"I want work," replied the young man.

"You shall have it. Where would you prefer to go—in new scenes or old?"

"Send me, sir, where I left a blackened record. I could be useful in my former position."

Grant gave him a note to the secretary of the department, asking that the young man be reinstated. But soon he came back, saying: "The secretary sent out word that my application would go on file." Whereupon the president, with some show of anger, remarked: "You can't put your wife and children on file, can you?" and gave him another note, saying: "Present this in person, and bring me an answer." The answer, duly returned, was "No vacancies." Grant wrote in red ink across the face of the note: "Make a vacancy, or I will." But, strange to say, even this did not accomplish any result.

No further notes were exchanged, but on the next day, after the cabinet meeting, the president tapped the secretary on the shoulder, and said to him: "Whom would you recommend as your successor?"

The secretary, having no alternative, wrote his resignation. As for the young man, it is related that he "made good," and rose to a position of honor and dignity in the world.

WESTERN CANADA'S PROSPECTS FOR 1914

Excellent Spring for Work and Wheat Seeding About Finished.

The writer has just returned from an extensive trip through the Provinces of Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta, in Western Canada. The crop conditions are the very best, and no one locality seems to have an advantage over another in this respect. The uniformity in growth is remarkable, and in all parts of the three provinces spring wheat at the time of writing, May 10th, is well above the ground from two to three inches. Considerable fall plowing was done last year, and this, with the summer fallow, is already seeded, so that practically wheat seeding is over by this date. Everywhere the farmers are busy and the whole country presents one great scene of activity—three-horse, four-horse and five-horse teams are busy preparing land for barley, oats and flax. On some of the larger farms batteries of steam and gasoline outfits are at work, but in a great many districts where these have been operated in the past they are being displaced by horses, owing no doubt partially to the difficulty of securing experienced men to operate them. Anyway, there is being put into agriculture in Western Canada, greater effort with more promise than for some years past. The soil is in the best possible condition; moisture has been sufficient, there have been no winds to dry out the soil, and if the farmers have had to lay up for a day or so now and again, it was merely that the ground might have the advantage of the rain and an occasional snow, which promise so much for the growing crop. With some warm weather the grain will come along in a manner that will equal the best years Western Canada has ever had.

It must not be thought from this that the farmers are full bent on securing a grain crop alone. In nearly every district there is more and more the indication and inclination to go into mixed farming. Herds of cattle now dot the plains that up to the present had been fully given up to grain growing, hogs and sheep are in evidence. New buildings are to be seen on a great many places, these being pig houses and cow stables, although protection of cattle is not regularly required, excepting for calves and such cows as it may be necessary to house from time to time.

The growing of alfalfa and other fodder grasses is an industry that is being rapidly developed.

During this spring a splendid class of new settlers have gone in, many of them from the eastern states. These have seen what success the western and central states man has achieved in Western Canada, and are now going in in hundreds. The movement from Montana, Oregon and Washington to Canada continues without any abatement as to numbers and value of effects, while the central and eastern states are still sending an excellent class of farmers with means sufficient to begin farming on a scale that will pay from the start.

Those who contemplate visiting the Panama Exposition next year will find that one of the most interesting trips they can make will be via the Canadian West. There will be three lines of railway they can use—the Canadian Pacific, Canadian Northern and Grand Trunk Pacific, all of which will have through to coast lines completed. Thus will be given a view of prairie, woodland and mountain scenery unexcelled in America.—Advertisement.

After Thought.

Sonny—Pa, what is a rear guard?

Pa—A patch on the seat of a boy's trousers.

Only a fool would take a straight tip from a crook.